

30 Kisses for the Uncommunicative

by VanityPimples

Category: Hamatora/ãf•ãfžãf^ãf©

Genre: Friendship, Romance

Language: English

Characters: Art, Nice

Pairings: Art/Nice

Status: In-Progress

Published: 2014-04-15 08:12:31

Updated: 2014-04-15 08:12:31

Packaged: 2016-04-27 04:56:55

Rating: T

Chapters: 2

Words: 2,349

Publisher: www.fanfiction.net

Summary: Based off of the 30 Kisses Challenge (Nice x Art)

1. Chapter 1

****#01 (Look Over Here) - "What's Happening There is Also Something of Concern to Me"****

****Title: "***What's Happening There is Also Something of Concern to Me"**

>Author: Vanity Pimples**

>Fandom: Hamatora**

>Pairing: Nice x Art

>ListTheme: **Original 30Kisses #01 â€" Look over here

>Rating: Teen**

>Any Applicable Warnings: None that I can think of.

>Disclaimer: Don't own.

****Summary**:** Gasquet thinks that his partner's (not) boyfriend is ridiculous. (Set in episode 4)

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><p>Art's face when Nice activates his Minimum in front of their cop car to chase a dog for change is worth three tons of gold and twelve packs of high quality beer, if Gasquet could say so himself without getting a deadpan stare and a week of awkward silence.

It's a blatant sign of, "Notice me!"

And Art does, unfailingly.

"No, no." Gasquet says when Art remembers (it happens every one case

of ten) Gasquet in Nice's presence. "I'll just stay inside. Old bones," he reasons.

Art gives Gasquet a dubious look, but nods and bounds out of the car and buys Nice a drink.

As always.

Once Art hands off the drink to Nice, the two start "discussing the case."

With a lot of unintentional flirting mixed in.

Gasquet may not be able to hear through the car's metal sheets, but it's all there in the posture " relaxed but attentive, pointed to one another " and looks " soft in a way that's wholly inappropriate when discussing police cases. It's cute.

Gasquet sighs a little, "Ah to be young_.

It doesn't take long for the two of them to finish discussing the case, even with their unconscious little courtship, but, before Art can climb back into the car, the door slightly ajar, Nice looks at Art and frowns.

Reaching out, Nice rubs a thumb against the eased furrow of Art's brows down to the purpling flesh under Art's eyes. "Hey," Gasquet hears Nice say, "sleep some more okay?"

Nice kisses, feather light, the bottom of the blossoming, dark crescents under Art's eyes. Art's eyelids flutter " butterfly kisses against Nice's upper lip and nose.

Gasquet refrains himself from slamming his face into the steering wheel.

There is an un-nameable emotion settling in his chest that feels like the unfortunate lovechild of fatherly frustration and amiable amusement. It's quite disturbing. Art slides back into his seat and Nice waves a jaunty goodbye. Art smiles back.

When Gasquet asks, in the middle of a highway " not the best idea ", whether Art and Nice have finally "resolved their UST issues" the two of them nearly get into a traffic accident.

When the car rightens again, Gasquet feels perfectly justified in saying, "My poor, old bones." Although, "my poor, old, rabbit-quick heart " I am going to have some sort of attack" would also be accurate.

Settling heavily into his seat, Gasquet can't help but think that Nice really doesn't need any fancy tactic to get Art to pay attention " simply asking about the status of their relationship apparently distracts Art enough to cause the near initiation of a ten car pile-up.

* * *

><p>AN: Thank you for reading! I hope you liked it. :)<p>

Once again, inspired by fabelyn~

2. Chapter 2

****#23 (Candy) - Sweet Rehabilitation****

****Title: **Sweet Rehabilitation**

>Author: Vanity Pimples**

>Fandom: Hamatora**

>Pairing: Nice x Art

>ListTheme: **Original 30Kisses #23 " Candy

>Rating: Teen**

>Any Applicable Warnings: None that I can think of.

>Disclaimer: Don't own.

****Summary**:** [Crack-ish!] Hurry, Art is running out of candy-power!

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><p>"Hajime! Hurry! Catch Art!"<p>

For the past two weeks, Yokohama's police force had been occupied with a case with more dead ends than it appeared to have leads and enough contradictions to have been five different cases at once, all with different suspects. Art, as superintendent and workaholic, had overlooked the proceedings and had taken part in scrounging for clues in abandoned warehouses and - once, memorably " a row of unwashed toilets. Subsisting, as per usual, on energy drinks, KalorieMates and sheer force of will, Art had little time to speak with Nice or eat any sweets.

There were phone calls that he never _didn't _answer, but Nice had taken one listen at his voice (Art holds on to the belief that Nice had simply called at a bad time, he had just nearly gotten choked by a witness " who had just then become a suspect ", and if Nice had simply phoned at _any other moment _Art would have sounded _perfectly fine_) and insisted that Art concentrate on his work and finish his case quickly. As for sweets"Art had learned after his first case that while Nice would be okay if he snacked on a sugar cube near the crime scene of splattered blood, his subordinates would turn a sapling green and contaminate evidence with their own biomaterial. Also, it just wasn't proper.

Both waking and resting moments were cluttered with concerns about dead-ends, potential witnesses, and the answers from questioned suspects. What little time Art had left for the day was devoted to sleep. Therefore it was, in Art's mind, reasonable that after completing his work and the case he go to the Caf  Nowhere to indulge in the two major things he had been deprived of for the past two weeks: Nice and sweets " glorious, wonderful sweets. (Or sugar. Really. Just. Sugar.)

As he entered the caf , immediately he noticed the unfamiliar silence "

"Murasaki, Ratio and Birthday are out on a case " it asked

specifically for three people and Nice had volunteered to stay out," Koneko said upon noticing Art's confusion. Art smiled and thanked the girl and she flushed slightly and smiled back. Master was grinding coffee beans and Nice and Hajime were huddled at a far corner table, pouring over what appeared to be different colored candies. Art called out hello to both of them. Hajime nodded in acknowledgement and Nice made an obligatory wave hi before he had tucked his head back near the table and returned to a debate over the flavors of candy? Nice made wide, sweeping gestures and Hajime nodded 'yay' or 'nay' with an odd, focused look glinting in her eye.

Art blinked, once, before shaking his head. _I'm not going to ask_, he had thought.

Now, however, as he runs " _Why am I even running? " _away from a bouncing, grinning Nice and a narrowed-eyed Hajime, Art takes the splinter quick moment between jumping over a chair and yelling out another breathless, "Sorry!" to a sighing Master and fretting Koneko to reprimand himself for his lapse of judgment.

A conspiring Nice is _always_ a warning sign.

But, Art, for the most part had been " _impaired_. Although his body had been deprived of sleep long enough that he was past tired, it didn't necessarily mean that Art felt one-hundred percent aware. It was like thinking through a film in your head " missed details and thoughts unable to connect to the rest of the body. So, when Art saw Nice huddled, whispering, something in his head itched like he had forgotten an important case document or piece of evidence " _Something is off, but what? _Nothing had come to mind and Art had shrugged, turned to Master and Koneko, and asked if he could have a cup of hot chocolate (extra sugar and extra chocolate " or, really, it could just be liquid chocolate mixed with sugar, it's actually preferred). Art settled into his sat at the counter and gave a happy murmur of thanks when Master handed him his hot chocolate. Unflinching, Art threw back the hot chocolate (_melted chocolate with granules of sugar_). Koneko stared, her hands stilling from wiping a glass cup. Art shrugged and sighed into his drink with a smile and a hot breath. After a week of abstinence, the sugar was good. Being with Nice, even if he was huddled at a corner table whispering, was good. The urge to sleep evaded him, but Art sagged into his stool at the counter and held his hands loosely around his drink. Enjoying the soothing atmosphere of Nowhere Caf  and the familiar presence of friends, Art's eyes fluttered closed. Content and heavy and sated with a cup of hot chocolate, Art's head had begun to loll to the side. His heart rate slowed and a smile curled on his lips, lazy and soft.

It was then that Hajime and Nice had made a synchronized, hunting cry. Art's eyes snapped open to two advancing, shadowed forms with arms outstretched, hands reaching, towering over him " without thinking, Art leapt out his seat and dashed. Instinct. If Art had been in a better state of mind, he wouldn't have run " just braced himself for impact and hoped that the fallout wasn't too bad. But, he wasn't, so he didn't.

Art cringes now at his actions. _Maybe if I just stopped..._. Art glances behind him "

"AAAAAAART!"

Nope. No. Running was a very logical move.

Art wonders, briefly as he's rounding around a table and straightening a tipped chair, why Nice isn't using his Minimum to catch him. Dismissing the thought and deciding to enjoy the small favor, Art sprints a little faster, leveraging himself with a table ("I'm sorry, Koneko, Master!")

Hajime!?

Art's eyes widen as Hajime rushes in front of him from the side. Twisting his body to avoid crashing into her, Art teeters, unbalanced, and the floor yawns wide beneath him

Luckily, Nice catches him before he could bang his head onto a nearby table or slam onto the floor.

"I caught him, Hajime! Good job!" Nice crows, victorious, even as he cradles Art close and warm eyes scan him over for any injuries. When Nice finds none, Nice's grin widens and he says, "It's time to restore his candy-power!"

Art stares. "Candy-power," he says, deadpan. Art raises an eyebrow, not even bothering with the effort to lift himself out of Nice's hold. It's warm and smells like home and, really, Art's heart is pounding and his breath is coming quicker than normal and it is infallible logic to simply rest in Nice's arms.

Hajime nods gravely. "Nice says you've been working too hard and that you haven't been taking your daily dose of sweets," she says.

And then: "So, he bought different candies and told me to try them to see which you would like best. I get to keep the ones that were eliminated."

Nice splutters. "Hajime!" He whines as a blush burns a pink trail across his face.

Art can't help but smile. "But, candy-power?"

Hajime answers, "Nice says you're always eating a lot of sweets. You take your coffee with at least three cubes of sugar."

Art blinks. Nice scratches his cheek, still vivid pink, and looks away.

"You've been so busy this past week and the few times we were on the phone you said that you wished you had some candy on hand so!" Nice coughs before returning his gaze to Art. With a lopsided smile that Art can't help but return, Nice says, "So, Hajime and I decided to surprise you with a pile of candy. We were deciding which would be the best for you when you came in."

Art's smile spreads into a wide grin. "Thank you, Nice, Hajime." Looking around a bit, Art is also pleased to note that other than a few chairs out of order, Café Nowhere has remained relatively pristine.

Nice pulls Art up, one warm hand on Art's shoulder and the other at

the small of Art's back. Hajime leads the way to the table at the corner of Café Nowhere, bright with all types of candies.

When Art is quiet for a moment too long, Nice nudges Art in the shoulder, furrows in his brow.

"Do you not like it?"

Art shakes his head and turns to Nice, faces close enough that their foreheads brush. "How much money did you spend on this?"

Nice says, "Not anything significant."

Art stares further, their breaths mingle, and, eventually, Art just shakes his head again, fond. "Why don't we eat dinner at the restaurant down the street, later?"

Nice says, quietly, happily, "Great."

With a shrewd eye and a tiny upturn of her lips, Hajime quietly collects her share of the candy and retreats back to a starry eyed Koneko and Master's relieved and incredulous mumble of, "Nothing was broken. Thank goodness."

Reaching out, Art picks a candy with a blue plastic wrapper, unwraps it, and pops it into his mouth. He makes a pleased hum.

Rolling the candy in his mouth, Art asks, "What candy was your favorite, Nice?"

Picking out a candy with a yellow wrapper and pink poka-dots, Nice says, "This one. I ate it before chasing you."

Speaking of, "_Why _were you chasing me?"

"You were running away."

The two laugh and the moment of silence that follows the tapering of their laughter is heavy like warm sap.

It is in this moment that Art leans forward and presses his lips on Nice's.

His tongue flickers gently, shyly, at the space between Nice's lips before Art pulls back, slow. Art licks his own lips like an afterthought.

They're both blushing red.

Art smiles gently, sweet as any candy, eyes crinkling and playful. "You're right. It does taste good."

Nice blinks. One, twice.

Nice's response is perfectly reasonable â€" perfectly natural. He stuffs a candy â€" purple cover, bright yellow lettering â€" into his mouth and presses his lips onto Art's. The candy-power recharge, Nice thinks, may require some moreâ€" personal contact.

When Art is flustered and spluttering, hair and suit in slight

disarray, candy sticky and shining at the corner of his lips, and bright, bright red, Nice considers his recharge one-hundred percent successful.

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><p>AN: Thanks for reading! I hope that you all liked it. :D<p>

End
file.